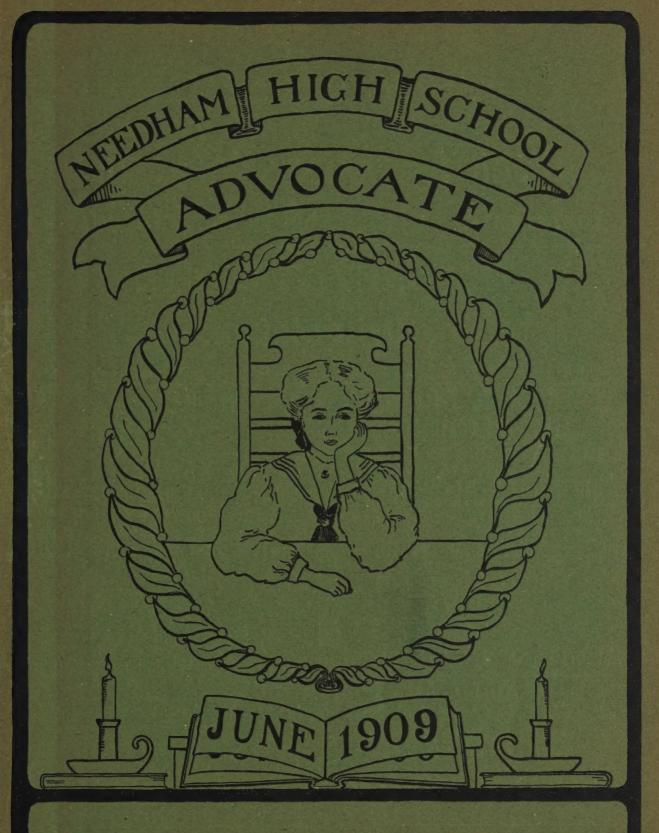
# HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

JUNE 1909

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ARCHINES

# THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

VOL. XIX

NEEDHAM, MASS., JUNE, 1909

Price, 15 Cents

# THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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"Murmuring, for dly, still the old refrain."
— Old Song.

E wish to thank the "Town," for the celerity with which "it "has attended to the matter of the playground. After discussing the subject at two different meetings, the "Town" came to that decision of indecision which is "its" usual conclusion to such deep contemplation. The original plan of a playground became plural when put before

the learned consideration of the "Town," and the plural of the original plan then came to —?!!—ah, "it" is still coming! The proceedings of the "Town" in some matters are a delightful reality of those of a certain Chancery Court named in Dickens' "Bleak House." Might we suggest that the "Town" read this tale, and gain—perhaps—a few hints! Of course, we might dream of a playground, and even enjoy ourselves on it—in fancy, but we

all acknowledge that there are some realities which afford more pleasure than fancies. After this bit of philosophy might we do some more suggesting to the "Town," as we have conceded the "Town" to be a reality?

It has been said that "a playground is needed for the old as well as for the young." Again, some suggest "that a place is needed in which the older men and women may enjoy themselves." This is our view also. It is in seeing the games played there, that this recreation consists, not as some think, in participating themselves when a lively game of football is in progress. Of course, they would be perfectly welcome to make "mud pies" there, or to join in some of our more quiet pursuits, if they should so wish.

But to take a serious view of this playground affair, those who consider it carefully will see its imperativeness and its plausibilities. There are not enough diversions from weekly cares and occupations in this town at present. Take away the high school contests and what would be the result in this respect?

Sometime we will get a fine playground,
The Committee has cast round its eye,
Perhaps we will get it this lifetime
Perhaps 'twill be after we die;

They've talked about lots in the swampland (They seem to want something to drain), And they've fought about lots in the highland,

And they've come back to swampland again;

Sometime when they finish their speeches, Sometime when the touchstone is found, Sometime when the beeches are laden with peaches,

Sometime we will get a playground.
J. H. P., '11

N unpleasant feature of our athletic games at home has been the tendency on the part of the onlookers to crowd upon the field to the extent of interfering with the players. This is neither necessary nor desirable, and the sooner that we can get along without it, the better it will be for all concerned. No team can play its best, except on a clear field. This is well shown by the fact that the losing team frequently attributes its defeat to the crowd's being in the way at a critical moment. Our opponents, moreover, feel that they have not received fair play at our hands. This gives our teams a reputation which no team desires. To stop the game until the field has been cleared, as has frequently happened, always results in more or less trouble and hard feeling, besides wasting valuable time. Then, too, those who go on the field prevent those who stay behind from seeing the game at all and yet cannot themselves see any better.

An enclosed athletic field, with a grand stand, would assist us materially, for every one could have a seat in that case, and would perhaps stay there. We are not, however, blest in this manner, and the only thing we can do is to rope in the field and request the spectators to restrain their enthusiasm and to stay on the outside, where they belong, and to leave the inside to the players.

L. B. '10

UR athletics has been very successfully managed the past year, so that results on the whole have been satisfactory. We feel, however, that better results could be obtained in the future, if a more enthusiastic spirit were to be shown by that part of the stu-

dent body which does not participate in the several branches of our sports. To be sure, there are some faithful ones who are always on hand, not only to assist in the necessary work of preparing the athletic field for the games, but also to "root" for the school teams. But there is a lack of interest, generally, on the part of the students, although much of the success of the teams depends upon the loyal support and the cheers of our schoolmates. Come, fellows, catch the athletic spirit! Don a football or a baseball suit, whichever it may be. Come out and try for the team! If you succeed, make is your business to be on hand promptly for practice, every day that it is called.

Not nearly enough interest is shown, for example, in the football team, in whose work, however, the most lively spirit seems to be shown by the school and which was, by the way, admirably managed last season under the able guidance of our captain and coach. In this branch of sport there ought to be at least two elevens out for practice as soon as the season opens next year. So be ready to come out with the rest, and, although you do not make the team the first thing, don't get "sore." It may be hard, but "stick with them," and do all in your power to make a winning team.

J. W. B. '09

HE Faculty is a matter of much importance certainly, and we feel that much might be said in reference to it. Owing to the growth of the town and consequently of the school, the number of teachers was increased to seven last September. We have still with us our principal, Mr. Clarence E.

Sibley. Miss Pearl V. Copeland, of Boston University, teacher of modern languages, succeeds Miss Mary G. Thomas, who served us so long and so faithfully. Our English department remains under the supervision of Miss Lilyan H. Lake. Annie R. Bessom, of Boston University, replaces Miss Frances A. Hahn in the Latin course. Because of a change in the method of arrangement in the commercial course, Miss Cora Weise, of the Dorchester High School, and Miss Alice B. Eastman, of Wellesley College, undertake that part of the work formerly managed by Miss Bertha M. Jones, while Mr. W. Herbert Moore, of Dartmouth, assumes the scientific branches of which Miss Ethel L. Hersey formerly had charge. This comprises a valuable corps of teachers, and with the combined efforts of the superintendent and committee, only energy and application on the part of the individual student is necessary to success.

S. W. '09

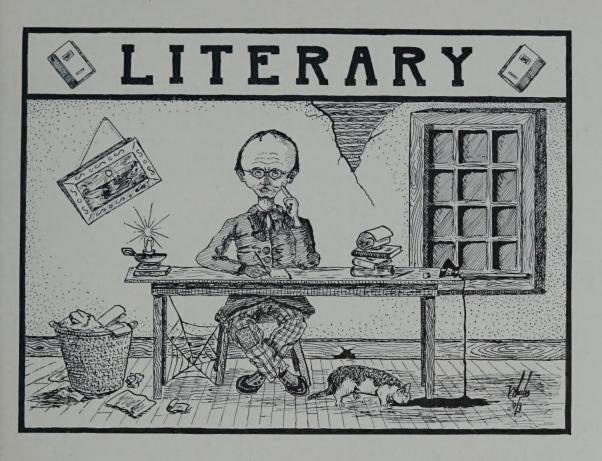
T has always been the intention of the editor to make this magazine a factor of some importance in regard to the high school. Because it is published only once a year, it, of course, loses much of its significance, and, owing to the change of its officers, loses much of its individuality. Consequently, we will strive to enlighten, as far as we can, those who may be interested in the progress of the school. It is but our duty to try to establish a favorable opinion in behalf of those who have our welfare at heart. This paper is a means, in a small way, of showing some of the work accomplished at the school. Amateur story writers may here give vent to their feelings, as an inspiration to greater work if possible. Some statistics of importance will be given in this number, besides the advertising, which is a source of revenue to the current expense attending a high school paper.

A photograph of the graduating class and the football team, satisfactorily reproduced, and a good athletic section will, we hope, tend toward making this magazine interesting to all.

S. W. '09

HE Needham High School acknowledges the gift of a motor generator set presented by the Advocate Board of 1908, as well as the generosity of Mr. Wm. Carter in placing in the Assembly Hall a Lincoln tablet, and the liberality of the Norton Co., for their sample products for the Commercial Department.





# SAMUEL SNOOKS OF NEEDHAM

SAMUEL SNOOKS, worn out after a heavy course in the Needham High School, lay on his bed of agony in a hotel in Paris:

Doctor to right of him,

Doctor to left of him,

Doctor in front of him,

Sat on the footboard.

"It's my turn now," insisted Dr.
Thomas Thumper, who held the position of honor at Sam's right hand. "You've given him enough medicine, Dick Dosum. I think he needs a little osteopathy." Dr. Thumper calmly removed his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves. Then he approached the bed.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Sam. "Why did my mother ever send me abroad to recuperate? This is worse than algebra. I've had four treatments to-day, already. Oh! Woe is me!"

However, Dr. Thumper proceeded — the heartless creature. Gently pulling the clothes away from Sam's face, he firmly "osteopathized" his nose. Then holding fast with one hand, he let the other slide to Sam's chin and, pressing and pinching, he made a complete tour of his victim's "phisimahogany." He traveled neckwards, using both hands,—but what follows is painful. Let it suffice to say that Sam survived enough to say feebly—

"Please, stop, I am getting quite exhausted. I am sure my mother didn't hire you to treat me like this."

Dr. Thumper smiled. Then replied soothingly with a fertive wink at Hackett—"Calm yourself, my child, the worst is yet to come." And without giving Sam time for further remonstrance he began to tie him up in knots. He was just putting poor Snooks together for the fourth time, after having taken him to pieces, when Dr. Hackett interfered.

"I say," he begged, "don't be too hard on the poor fellow. Give him a show."

"Humph!" grunted Thumper, with fine irony. "I suppose you are speaking entirely on his account. That doesn't sound at all like two words for Number One. Oh, no! Of course you're not interested. It's a wonder that you're not at the grindstone now, sharpening that precious new knife of yours."

So Dr. Hackett combined surgery with his other accomplishments. Sam's usual strawberry-ice-cream complexion looked like lemon sherbet, while his despairing gaze traveled around the room for a means of escape. Alas! there was no hope and he stared dejectedly at the clock; but it gave him a happy inspiration. There was a train for Berlin in half an hour. He would flee these cruel captors. A certain Evangeline Patricia Hagan was in Berlin and he would have a fine time "far from the madding crowd." Now was his chance to escape; so summoning all his strength he sprang from the bed, hastily donned his clothes and seized his suit case.

"I'm awfully much obliged to you doctors, don't you know. I've enjoyed your er-hospital-ity immensely, but I really must catch the next train for Berlin. That

last dose was well thought up, Dick, old boy. I didn't give you credit for so much perspicuity of intellect. You should have been a football player, Tom. The N. H. S. would have welcomed you. And now, 'so long,' friends. Too bad you got left, Harry. 'By-by.'" And Samuel was off, leaving his friends (?) too much surprised to move. They grinned sheepishly at one another, and then put their heads together to see how they could recapture him. Of course they must follow him, for that was what Mrs. Snooks paid a fat salary for.

When Snooks left the hotel he walked cheerfully up the street humming "Dunderbeck." Once again he looked the young millionaire who, with the aid of his widowed mother, ruled "High Sassiety" at home. With his trousers turned up the prescribed eleven inches, exposing to view a vast expanse of pinky-lavender stockings, and his peroxide blonde hair carefully trained to stand on high, he was a fine type of "Lady-killer." As he sauntered along with just the proper swing, it was evident that he realized what a sensation he could make. Even his large doll-like eyes of blue showed that they knew their power.

Soon he passed a kiosque. "That reminds me," he thought, "Tyglath-Peleser Jones wanted me to take him some of those French newspapers with the comic sections. He said the jokes were fine. I guess this will be a good place to buy them. These seem to be bright colored, and I can't read French anyway to see if they are funny." So Samuel purchased a bunch of the brilliantly colored journals. Tucking the roll under his arm, he picked up his grip and soon reached the station.

He had been in the train only a moment when the door opened, and the three doctors were assigned to the compartment with him.

"Why, Sam, isn't this fine!" said Dr. Hackett. "Here we have a six-seated compartment to ourselves. It's almost my turn now, and I'll soon have you fixed up."

"Oh! I'm much better. Fact is, though, I'm kind of sleepy. Guess I'll take a nap." Just then the guard slammed the door and the train started. Sam felt rather uneasy at being locked in with his persecutors—and his fears were just—for as soon as the train started they recommenced their dire proceedings. He was forced to sample some seven hundred and ninety-eight medicines from Dick Dosum's bag, besides undergoing osteopathic treatments for every known and several unknown crimes. Suddenly Dr. Hackett pulled out his watch.

"Look here. It's twelve o'clock. You fellows can't put me off any longer. Our agreement was that you should have fair play until noon; that if he were neither cured nor dead at said hour of noon I was to have a show. Remember, this is the first time he has been sick enough for any fun."

"Well," Dr. Dosum agreed, "I guess you're right. Samuel Snooks, your hour is at hand. Bend your neck to the knife. Dr. Hackett intends to remove all those geometrical problems from your brain. They have caused so much suffering."

"Oh, Heaven!" shrieked Sam, turning pale, "this is worse than medicine, for the bottles at least reminded me of my dear old chemistry class; that made me think of 'Chemical Affinities,' and — but alas! those happy days are gone, but not for-

gotten. Oh, Gee! " and with this despairing cry poor Sam lost consciousness.

He was awakened by a long-drawn-out "moo." The train had stopped. There was the station master, a pompous gentleman, decked out in gold lace and a full government uniform, stalking back and forth across the station platform. His chest was thrown out and his head well back while he, ever and anon, bellowed forth "Moo!" Sam endeavored to jump through the window and flee his tormentors, for he thought that these doctors must be giving him something pretty strong. No sane man ever saw things like this. But with quieting words, and incidentally the fumes of an opiate, the doctors pointed to the name over the station door and Sam read "Meaux." A few moments later he was again wrapped in the arms of Morpheus (or maybe it was morphine), which blissful state continued until he reached the frontier.

The train stopped. "End of the route," roared the guard popping his head in at the door. "Change cars here for Berlin, Innsbruck, Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, and Dover."

Sam found himself much refreshed by his rest, for Dr. Hackett had sacrificed his opportunity and allowed Sam to sleep. As it was the day before the first of May when uprisings were expected all over Europe, and as there were so few passengers, Sam had three officers all to himself, when he passed through the Custom's House. The first of these seized his bag, while the second ran him up against a wall, to allow the third to feel in his pockets. However, as they discovered no contraband articles except some cigarettes and some of Dick Dosum's powders, they turned to the bag.

Snooks, who was examining the wall, with which he had been in contact, and rubbing his head thoughtfully, now saw his earthly possessions come to light — thusly:

Item, one venerable necktie — orange

hue.

*Item*, seventeen lofty collars.

Item, one fragment of shaving-soap.

Item, eleven strips of ping-pong pictures. Item, Seven and a half pairs of rainbow hose — colors varying.

Item, one package letters — tied with blue ribbon, with a scattering of themes.

Item, one box of fudge — on which was inscribed "To Sammy from 'Vangy."

All were exposed to view as well as many other valuables too sacred to mention. Finally the first officer picked up Tyglath Peleser's package of newspapers.

"Was ist das?" he asked.

"Je suis no sprechen Sie deutsche," replied Sam shrugging his shoulders like a Frenchman, while he grinned as stolidly as any German, "and besides those are only some old papers." Sam took them from the first officer's hand and dropped them back in the bag. Now as the officers had so little to do, each one went through Sam's bag before he was satisfied. So it was not long before the second officer came to the roll of papers.

"Was ist das?" he growled.

"Just the same as they were ten minutes ago," Sam answered.

The guard seemed satisfied, although he frowned suspiciously.

Again the bag was shaken up and this time the roll came to the third.

"Was ist das?" he roared, for he was getting angry at finding nothing of interest.

"Oh! the Parisian Times, I imagine —

first cousin to the Boston American, but

"Well, ich will in dieser matter looken gewesen geworden sein geloren, und in eine jiffy too by jingoes, gehabt haben sein galoop!" With this awful threat the guard solemnly opened the package. He looked once and rose lightly in the air, returning heavily, however, as might have been expected, from so large a man. Although Sam couldn't understand the German which followed, he gathered that the officer was surprised; and from the way the other guards gazed at the paper, he decided that the news must be interesting, not to mention exciting. The guards seemed to feel a new interest in Sam, too, for now the third one, feeling himself leader, turned and sternly asked, "Who are vou?"

"I, oh! pretty well, thanks," replied Sam, for he had mistaken the guard's words and thought he said "how" instead of "who." This slight mistake very naturally arose from the foreign accent of the man.

"Nein," roared the officer, relapsing into dialect as he became excited, "Who are you? Was ist your name? Tellen Sie me in deutsche quicker than scat, oder ich will Sie from your head take offen Sie — See! ach! ja!"

"Nein," Sam entreated humbly, "Ich liebe dich. Wie geht es Ihnen? Ja, zwei Beir. That's all the German I can say, except, 'Sprechen Sie deutsche.' My name is Samuel Montmorency Snooks. I don't know what it would be in German."

"Are you an American?" continued the guard, paying no heed to Sam's pleasantries.

"I was before I met those doctors. I'm just remains now."

"Married?"

"Not guilty," Sam answered.

"What's your father's name?"

- "It used to was George Washington Snooks. He's dead."
  - "Your mother's?"
  - "Carrie Nation Snooks."
- "Have you ever had the German measles?"
- "Happy to say I have, also French fried potatoes at the same time," agreed Sam politely.

This made the guard smile, but he continued with his next question.

"When did you wash your face last,

young man?"

"When I had those French fried potatoes and the German measles. Let me see, it must have been four years ago the first of this month.

At last the joke penetrated the guard's mind, and he laughed heartily until the other officers joined him. Sam felt almost cured, but still more so when they let him go. He picked up his bag, heavier by one more tag, and went to the Berlin train. He found Dr. Hackett waiting for him with a new proposition.

"Now look here, Sam," he said, "I just had a chance to operate on you and I let you alone. Aren't you grateful?"

"Well, rather. Now what is it you

want?"

"Say, kid, you have more sense than I thought for, to judge from your guileless expression. Well, it's just here. My turn began at noon. If I leave you alone, and let you get well, will you promise not to dispense with our services and salaries?"

"You bet, and I'll pay you double, too,

for your kindness."

"It's a go. Now, don't say anything to

the others," continued Hackett as they entered the train.

The time passed swiftly now that Sam's mind was at rest, and his thoughts were beginning to turn fondly to the time when he should once again see fair Evangeline. But his meditations were rudely interrupted by a loud call of "Samuel Montmorency Snooks."

"Present," affirmed Sam, "what'll you have?"

"How many years haben Sie old?"

"Sweet sixteen and never —" but again the guard interrupted.

"Wo keepen Sie your fireplace, house, ranch, you call it home wenn Sie wollen wollte gewollt."

"Chestnut Street, Needham Junction,"

Sam replied.

"Poor man," murmured the guard. "Haben Sie eine education had gehabt haben?"

"I've just finished my sixth year at Needham High and I'm hoping that if I go back next fall and loaf for two years more I may then be able to enter college."

"Mein Kind, ich pityest you. Ich habe of den Needham High School much geheard gelesen sein gewesen. Das ist alles. You may goen Sie."

"I wonder what he wanted of me," Sam

asked as the train started.

"He probably was smitten with your ladylike appearance," suggested Thumper. However, when the train stopped at the next station and Sam heard his name called, he began to get anxious. Again he was cross-examined until the train started, and this time the guard wore the same expression of commiseration when he mentioned his country home,

"Can its fame have reached this remote portion of the globe," thought Sam, "I wonder?"

Doctor Dosum laughed. "They think you're an Anarchist, all right, 'Snooksy.' You know to-morrow is the great day for Anarchists."

Sam groaned. "Do I look as bad as

that?"

"Yes, fierce. Ask this gentleman. looks as if he had business with you."

It was another guard! As the train slowed up he looked in the window.

"Samuel Mont ——"

"Yes, I'm Samuel Montmorency Snooks. I used to walk across the lawn to the High School — I've had the measles and I'm now traveling with three doctors."

"To think that one so young should have suffered so much," sighed the officer, stepping back to a respectful distance.

Sam wiped the perspiration from his brow with his dainty silk handkerchief as he remarked that he had one consolation. There were only four more stations before Berlin.

"You may be in jail by that time,"

cheerfully suggested Thumper.

"Oh, they wouldn't be so cruel!" However, it was a decidedly relieved Snooks that finally left the train.

He repaired directly to "Vangy's" hotel, but before presenting himself he went to his room to perfume his hair and remove the traces of travel. he finally descended to the reception room he was met rather coldly by Mrs. Hagan.

"Evangeline has just gone for a drive with Dr. Dosum. Hasn't he grown fine looking? He has also made a great deal

of money I hear."

Sam groaned inwardly. So that was the way these doctors worked against him. Dick was turning his money right against him to steal his girl. Sam hastily left Mrs. Hagan and took refuge at the piano where he gave vent to his pent-up emotions: "W-e-a-r-ily, w-e-a-r-ily" the strains floated out and died away. He went to his room with a set purpose. A few moments later he entertained a manicure, then a hairdresser and a masseur. After dinner the finished product presented itself to Miss Evangeline Hagan. She greeted him rather vacantly and listened to his adventures of the past week. He even showed her his French papers in the hope that she might be amused. She was.

"Oh! you baby," she gasped, "you certainly need some one to look after you. These are the bitterest kind of Anarchist papers. No wonder they held you under suspicion." Amidst the general laugh, Miss Hagan retreated to a corner with Dick, whence Sam caught frequent snatches of a conversation about infant

prodigies and puppy love.

Presently Dr. Hackett joined him: "Who's your friend, Sam? Jove — but she's a dashing girl! Guess I'll have to make her acquaintance."

Sam watched Dr. Hackett saunter over as if by accident, then stop suddenly and smile as Dick spoke to him. Sam fled to his room.

The next morning he slept late and when he finally went down to inquire for Miss Hagan, he was told that she had gone and that she would sail that morning. It didn't take Sam long to call a cab or to take the train for Hamburg. He reached the dock after what seemed interminable travel, but only to see the steamer just leaving. Near the rail stood Miss Evangeline Patricia Hagan and her mother:

Doctor to right of them,
Doctor to left of them,
Doctor behind of them
Smiled and looked joyful.
Sam turned sadly away. Girls were

fickle creatures anyway. Then he sent a cable to his mother to come and chaperone him back to America, and he added: "Needham is a pretty good place, after all. I think I will go back and take a postgraduate football course at our dear old Needham High."

A. H. '10

# "THET DAWG ER TATRO'S"

**7**AAL," soliloquized the town tinker, and looked open antagonism at the ceiling of the grocery store. The ceiling, not being capable of resenting this uncalled for appellation, held its silence and paled a little. The tinker puffed hard at his corncob pipe for some minutes, and then ventured another "Waal." As if this latter exclamation had been some predetermined signal for general action, the circle of chairs moved its numerous legs a little nearer to the friendly fire; the grocery clerk covered the apple barrel with the cookie box, and deposited himself on the top of the latter to insure its safety, both externally and internally, for it was near the stove. But the latter purpose was frustrated, as he placed the barrel on that part of a canine known as the tail. The owner, a wretchedly lean affair reposing under the stove, gave violent protest in the form of an agonizing howl, attempted to overthrow the stove and succeeded in overthrowing the apple barrel and the clerk, while sundry apples and cookies meandered amorously off across the floor in couples. It was amazing to see the kind assistance rendered by all the circle.

The apples were replaced, that is, most

of them, the cookies were replaced, that is, most of *them*, the clerk replaced the barrel and the box to their former positions, and himself to his former position, only noticing more particularly this time where he set the former two. The circle resumed its lofty silence for a moment.

"Ther durn purp," ejaculated Jed Patrel, the truant officer, looking anything but displeased as he took a huge bite from a rosy gravenstein. "Jest like one er the durn kyudles tu go raound upsettin' things,—jest like one." After this emphatic protest, he took another "magnanimous" portion of the apple, which choked his further utterance for a time, while the rest of the circle took homologous bites and nodded approval.

"Where dju gittim, Sheldon?" interrogated the tinker, after a pause, during which he removed his gaze from the ceiling, to focus it on the object of the disturbance. Eph Sheldon, the clerk, wiped his perspiring countenance with a huge bandanna handkerchief, which, by the way, had a sort of Marathon in action around its border whose entrants were alternately black and green cats and dogs. After the operation was completed he explained the presence with, "Oh, he jest happened in en he

stayed thar all arternoon; dunno whar he come from!"

"Waal, waal!" said the tinker, although he felt that it was his duty to say something else, while the circle, like some huge centipede, moved its legs once more.

"Talkin' 'bout dawgs," drawled Ebeneezer Pettibone, "reminds me er thet dawg thet Lem Tatro used ter hev." The circle pricked up its ears, while the tinker shifted his fifth "Waal" into an intonation which called for an interrogation point. Ebeneezer Pettibone swallowed a mouthful of apple, looked doubtfully a moment at the core, and then, reluctant to waste any, ingurgitated this latter before resuming his narrative.

"To begin with, you all know thet Lem lived with his married brother, Dan, 'bout five years ago. His brother's mother-en-lar was visiting with her niece, a purty, trim gal from ther city. As well es I kin remember, it war in the summer, y-e-a-s in the late summer, cause ther pippins warn't quite ripe, though an airly frost 'ud finish 'em. Waal, they was two things that Lem hated, the fust war a dawg of any form, en ther next war wimming folks. Lem hated dawgs wuss than larst year's eggs, en they warn't a dawg in ther town that didn't know how Lem hated 'em, so they jest took themselves off when Lem appeared. As for wimming folks, waal, Lem war jest disgusted with them critters. Guess it was becuz he believed all the jokes erbout matrimonial life sech as har pullin' en house-cleanin' en fainting, en Lem said it war sartin thet he didn't hev enough har ter git any pulled out, it was cheaper ter git it mowed off at Potter's fer a dime, en give it er chance ter grow agin.

"His brother's mother-en-lar war rich

es Jehosephat's uncle en she hed money ter burn. Waal, one day, Lem war a-standin'side er ther fence, whittlin' on er pine stick, when down ther rud comes his brother's mother-en-lar's hoss en kerrege, lickety split, en his brother's mother-en-lar en her niece haf dead uth terrer, en all but faintin'. Lem jest jumped out en grabbed the hoss's bridle en stopped him, jest es easy es a frog jumps off a log inter a pond.

"Waal, by gum, you jest orter heard his brother's mother-en-lar. She jumped down en threw her arms 'round his neck en kissed him so that he got red as a biled carrot; she called him her life preserver en a string er names es long es a wisp er medder hay. En when she got through, her niece hopped down en give him her hand en said, 'O Mister Tatro!' en then he blushed again, en then she blushed, en then they both blushed, but I guess Lem war ther most uncomfortablest er the two. You'd jest think that Lem war a General Putnam, ther way his brother's mother-en-lar put him on er pedestal frum thet time on, but ther niece jest kept still, en looked purtier'n ever.

"Erbout a week arter, Lem's brother en his wife en his mother-en-lar en her niece got awful mysterious about somethin'. They whispered among themselves but they shut up like oysters when Lem war araound. On ther next Tuesday, a covered crate come frum ther city en they war all es expectant es a fish thet's waitin' fer a worm. They called Lem in frum his work, en then they opened ther crate. En if thar warn't ther purtiest bull dawg thet ever I clapt my eyes on, fer I war thar with some new split rails en they invited me in. He war es bow-legged es a rooster, en his nose looked as if some one hed hit it a clip uth

a sledge hammer en smashed it all back, full er wrinkles.

"It was 'fur his noble deed,' said his brother's mother-en-lar, en Lem got more en more embarrassed, since he didn't want ther dawg, en he didn't like ter hurt ther feelins. Waal, he jest tried ter refuse it offhand, but ther mother-en-lar war sot on it cause she thought he war modest, en at last, when ther niece said, 'Oh! Mister Tatro, doo take it,' Lem foundered, en the dawg war hisn.

"'He is a fine watch dawg, Mister Tatro,' said his brother's mother-en-lar, en Lem, seein' thet he hed to take it, 'lowed thet he'd been wantin' a good watch dawg, fer a long time en he hadn't done anythin' to deserve sich gratetude en all that.

"Erbout two weeks arter, Lem hed to go to ther city fer some provisions, a couple of shovels, en a milk pail, so he hitched up in the arternoon, togged hisself out in his Sunday-go-to-meetin's en started off. Thet dawg war settin' on ther step when he started en Lem cussed him just as soon es he got out of the hearing of his brother's mother-en-lar en her niece. One er the things witch he hated war hitched ter his persession en Lem didn't like ther odd number of one. He bought the pail en shovels en a twenty-five pound sack er coffee, en druy hum.

"It war erbout harf past ten when Lem reached ther barn, en ther night war es black as a crow. He put ther hoss up en took ther bag of coffee on one shoulder en the two shovels en ther milk pail on ther other, en a bunch er vilets which he hed got 'fer the kitchin' in the fust hand, en started fer ther house. He hadn't gone fur, afore he heard a low gr-o-w-l. He stopped en looked at ther steps en I'll be

sheared if that warn't ther bull purp a-settin' thar, en he cocked his head ter one side es if ter say, 'Howdy doo, Lem, plesent evenin'.' Lem took back ther cuss words thet he'd said in the arternoon an' he war mighty pleased ter see what a fine watch dawg ther purp war, for he guessed thet he'd sot thar all day. 'Howdy doo, Fido,' said Lem kind er tender like, en he started fer the steps. But he hadn't taken mor'n three steps afore thet dawg war standin' up with his har all fannin' his back.

"'Why, Fido,' says Lem, 'it's only Lem.' But it war no go. Es soon es he took a step, ther purp cleared his teeth en errected his har agin. Waal, Lem stood thar erbout en hour, tryin' ter think what ter do, when he remembered thet dawgs kin tell theer master by smellin' er theer cloes. He guessed if he got near enough fer the purp ter smell on him, it 'ud be all right. Ther dawg growled a little when Lem started, but he held on, right up ter ther steps, talkin' affectionately all ther time. When he got ter ther steps, the dawg crouched a little en Lem thought he war tame all right so he put his foot on ther fust step.

"Waal, in jest about two seconds, things begun ter happen. Lem couldn't drop the shovels; they'd bang a hole through the new milk pails, so he danced araound in a sort er joyful two-step while the purp kept hold, and all the time Lem was lighting up the darkness. They war gittin' inter a turrible mixup when the bottom busted out o' ther sack, en of them twenty-five pounds er coffee, erbout five went down ther dawg's throat en inter his eyes, while the rest scattered itself araound kinder natural. The shovels slipped, en

punched an awful hole in ther new pail en Lem worked his jaw fer all he was wuth.

"A winder opened, en his brother's mother-en-lar stuck her head out en listed a minnet en then she shrieked, 'Why, Lemuel Tatro,' en his brother en his wife come ter another winder en stuck theer heads out en listed a minnet, en begun ter laff en roar, en ther niece come ter another winder en stuck her head out en listed a minnet en then she yelled, 'Oh! that horrid dawg is attackin' him. Desist, Fido, desist, I say!'

"Bimeby the hull family comes out, en thar war Lem, en all thet war left o' ther provisions, en ther war the bunch er vilets fer the kitchin.' He war a-settin' on ther step, kinder unthinkingly lookin' at ther purp en then at ther niece. His brother's mother-en-lar war shocked at Lem's langwidge, en his brother could hardly stand up frum laffin, but ther niece war all sympathy.

"The horrid, mean beast, I knew that was jest what he was capable of. Oh! Mister Tatro, I hope he didn't hurt you; the ugly thing. Lem 'lowed he warn't hurt much except in ther material line, which she didn't understand, so he gave her thet bunch er vilets, en as et war dark, he said kinder softlike, 'Thankee, Miss Pearl, I guess you saved my life so we're quits now,' fer she couldn't see how red he got."

"Waal, waal!" ejaculated the tinker after this recitation, and he gave a chuckle. "Where's Lem now?" queried Eph Sheldon, sitting tightly on the cookie box.

"Over in Pownal, on ther turnpike. He got hitched ter the second thing he hated, Miss Pearl, so I guess thet things air evened up agin," responded Ebeneezer.

"Umph," replied the tinker, as he got up and dragged a stray apple from behind the counter, regarding it with extreme surprise, although he had had his eye on it for about half an hour, "en what become er ther purp?"

"Waal," yawned Ebeneezer Pettibone, stretching himself and gazing enviously at the late find of his interrogator, "he jest' keeps it; you see, it's a good watch dawg."

The grocery clerk got gingerly off the cookie box and pushed it and the barrel to a safe position behind the counter. The little cuckoo clock startled the circle with a shrill protest to the passing hour of ten.

"Gosh," exclaimed Jed Patrel, the truant officer, "gosh, Mirandy says fer meter be hum at nine en here if 'tain't ten." He slipped into his overcoat and departed with a "good night," even though it was howling outside. The circle, now having lost a link, moved its feet back to the wall and the grocery clerk started to put out the lights.

J. H. P. '11

# THE TRANSGRESSOR

HE white woods lay still. The pale blue light of a crescent moon spread its film with peculiar effect over everything, outlining the woods first distinctly, then vaguely, as

they undulated into the distance. In a little clearing, where the soft snow sparkled merrily, some hares were at play, frisking here and there among the stubble, as if at a game of tag with one another.

Suddenly and without warning a tall, gaunt figure appeared on the edge of the opening, the figure of a man whose massive chest rose and fell quickly under the buckskin shirt. With a swift, keen glance of his bead-like eyes he scanned the space, and with a mind akin to that nature, he considered his situation. Then he darted out across the clearing with long even strides, his broad snow-shoes sinking deep in the light snow. Beneath a thick, scraggly pine he stopped and listened. Suddenly a blade gleamed in his hand and his eyes snapped fiercely, as he muttered, "Somting for heem."

Hardly had he spoken when out of the stillness beyond the opening came a sharp crack, as of a stick, broken under the pressure of a careless foot. Again the half-breed's eyes snapped and glowed from out the cold shadow of the scraggly pine. Again he measured the snow with his long and steady stride.

A light wind had risen and with it black clouds began to gather in the heavens. On that side of the clearing where the half-breed had appeared, and dimly outlined in the gathering darkness, a man was advancing, a man who, by the form of a holster bulging slightly the right side of his "capot," could be readily recognized as one of those who do their best to maintain law in the wilderness. He, too, passed the opening and, scrutinizing the freshly made tracks, disappeared in the gloom beyond. As soon as the half-breed noticed the increasing darkness, he stopped and, after taking off his broad snow-shoes, crouched

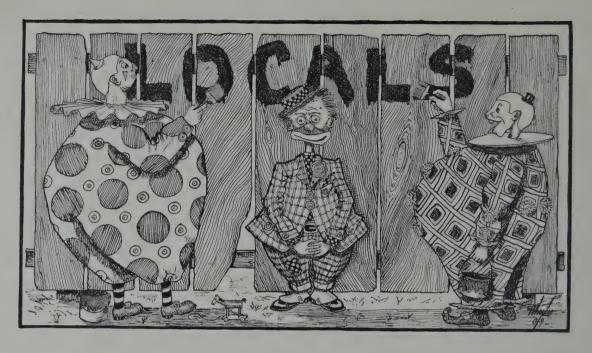
in the cover of a thick, bushy cedar to wait.

Now a dense darkness was upon the woods and except for the lonely hoot of an owl, all was silent, almost to a tenseness.

By accident the man in the bushes slightly lost his balance and reached out his hand to support himself. It struck a dry stick which snapped. Bang! Pieces of twigs hit him in the face and there was a dull thud as the bullet buried itself in a tree close by. Then all was still as before. He drew his knife quickly from its sheath and setting it firmly between his teeth, crept softly, inch by inch in the direction whence the shot came. Once or twice he stopped, listened, and then went on again ever so slowly.

It seemed that hours elapsed. Suddenly he sprang like a panther, and as he clutched the warm body of his foe there was a snarl ending with a terrible curse. Then the two rolled over and over in the snow, kicking and writhing, each seeking the deadly grip. The half-breed felt his antagonist's hand reaching to his belt. Quickly he seized the hand in his iron grip. As both strove for a chance to use their knives, he, by working his blade between his teeth, at length got a firm grip upon the handle. Aiming below where he felt the hot breath, he slashed quickly by twisting his head with a mighty jerk. He felt the warm blood gush over his face, the body beneath him quivered and then relaxed. Kneeling, he crossed himself devoutly and chanted an "Ave Maria." Then he arose and slipped off into the darkness.

S. W., '09



This is De L's idea of the word copious: "The old lady's shopping bag was copious."

Mo—ler, '09 (telling about an electric magnet): It will pick up six kegs of nails at a-er-a-a pick."

This was overheard in French II.

Miss C.: You ought to be able to guess the meaning of that word. Now just picture it to yourself. Here was the mule with a load on his back and the peasant with a stick in his hand. Now what was the peasant doing?

Miss R. '10: Pushing?

Miss L. (*English III*): What is a dauphin?

Miss S. '10: Why-er it's some sort of a fish, isn't it?

Miss C. (German II): Innocently asks: Now, W — th, tell me all you know about feminines.

(This is much to the embarrassment of W—— and the delight of the class.)

In Latin II we have heard a new rule for *cum* clauses. For the benefit of those seeking for knowledge we give it here: "*Cum* temporal clauses take the subjunctive in the indicative."

There is no end to the Sophomores' imagination. They are not confined to words found in the dictionary for the expression of their thoughts. This may be illustrated by two examples taken from Latin translation:

In a squirmish, the army was destructed. Miss B. '11 (reading from "Idylls of the King"): —— upon the sheething sea.

Miss L.: Yes, but that word is "seething." Try it again.

Miss B.: upon the seething she.

Mr. M. told the chemistry class one day that he knew there was a good moon Saturday night, but did not know about Sunday night. (Loud smiles from the class.)

In English III the sentence, "We conscious of ourselves, perused the matting," came up for analysis.

W. A. S., '10, had the most brilliant translation. It was, "We wiped our feet

upon it."

Miss L. was shocked and suggested that W. A. S. be sure and not "peruse his book in any such manner."

I. R. S., 'II (reading from "Tale of Two Cities"): She had seen the houses . . . decorated with the standard inscription: "Republic One and Indivisible. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death."

Miss L: What does indivisible mean? I. R. S.: Why! it couldn't be seen.

Would it not be advisable to make a rule abolishing bells on bicycles in or near the school? It would be decidedly inconvenient to have a bell ring out during some quiet study period. Of course it would be especially troublesome should this happen outside the window and should sound like an alarm clock inside the room.

Miss McK., 'II (translating French): "The king was forced to marry the prince, his wife."

Mr. M.: B——? L. W. B., '10: Yes, marm.



Changes from the following Massachusetts High Schools and colleges: Mansfield High School, Leominster High School, Boston English High School, Boston Latin School, Boston University, Harvard College, and also from Thornton Academy, Saco, Me., and Sach's Collegiate Institute, New York City.

# A SCHOOL IDYL

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow —
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,

Botany, geometry, Greek and trigonometry. Ram it in, cram it in, Children's heads are hollow.

Ram it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in;
What are children made for?
Ancient archæology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinictology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics.
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, pour it in,

All that they can swallow.

Fold it in, mold it in —

Still there's more to follow.

Faces pinched and sad and pale

Tell the same undying tale;

Tell of moments robbed from sleep,

Meals untasted, studies deep.

Those who've passed the furnace through

With aching brow will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,

Rammed it in, jammed it in,

Crunched it in, punched it in,

Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,

Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in —
When their heads were hollow.

-Selected.

Teacher — "What figure of speech is 'I love my teacher'?"
Student — "Irony and sarcasm."—Ex.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
Of the skin he made him mittens
Made them with the fur side inside,
Made them with the skin side outside.
He, to get the warm side inside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side fur side inside.
That's why he put the fur side inside.
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

Junior to Senior: What is the meaning of "trivial"?

Senior: Well, for example, "You are a trivial member of a very trivial class."

# WHAT IS MAN?

Man is somewhat like a sausage,
Very smooth upon the skin;
Yet you never can quite determine
How much pig there is within.— Ex.

# **VERSE**

# LAMENTATION

I wisht I wuz a gurl, kuz they
Ain't bothered 'uth thin's every day,
Like boys is.
Theer mothers, when they cum from skool
Don't say, "Now deerie, git ther cole,"
Or, "Chop sum wood, my little jool,"
Like boyes'!

En when theer gurl cums down ther street They don't git all ther rugs ter beet Like boys does,
They don't git dressed in overhalls
Ter wash ther winders en ther walls,
But when they tumbles down, they bawls,
Yep, girls does.

Theer faces allays is more kleen
But say, you jest bet thet theer meenEr'n boys is.
I spent a dime ther other day
Ter buy gum drops fer Nellie Gray
En there, she is walkin' 'uth Jack Ray,
It's hopeliss.

I gess I'll kommit suercide
En when she finds out why I dide
She'll cry thin.
She'll 'member 'bout thet dime I know
When pepul find me ded en so,
But now,— the duce with her, I'm goIn' swimmin'.

J. H. P. 'II

# SOME JOYLETS

"That strain again! it had a dying fall"
—Shakes peare's Twelfth Night

I was sitting by the window Sorrowful and tired of play, And study, like a dollar bill Had swiftly flown away,
When I heard the awfulest racket
From over Jones's way,
But I know it made me happy,—
That piano.

If you've ever heard a neighbor
Throwing tin cans in a cart
If you've ever heard a discord
That has made your nerves upstart,
If you've ever had a mad desire
Some one from life to part,
Then you'll know it made me happy,—
That piano.

A cat upon our backyard fence
Fell down and lost its lives,
A dog went mad; for recompense
The bees all left the hives,
The sparrows fell down to the ground
In threes and fours and fives,—
Ah! it made them very happy
That piano.

It was played by John and Mary, Susie, Polly, Sadie, Anne, It was tun'd by Bill and Sairy, Joe and Maybelle and by Dan. Then mother came into the room An on it tried her hand, And father got a crack at

That piano.

The neighborhood all ran from home And gathered by the door;
The cop came running down the loam, And signalled for some more.
The fire department all turned out And doctors half a score
For it made most beauteous music
That piano.

The upstairs' boarders all jumped down From windows to the street,
The organ grinder beat it with
His monkey at his feet.
"And they for sudden sorrow sung
While I for joy did weep,"\*
For it made me mighty happy
That piano.

O somewhere,— where the nights are grand

And moonlight softly lies,
O, somewhere in a better land,
Where all this clamor dies
Or somewhere down in Hades,—
Let its joyful strains uprise
Take, O, take, but not me with it,
That piano.

J. H. P. '11

\*King Lear, Shakespeare.

# YEARLY CALENDAR

A brief review of events worthy of note which took place in the year of our school '08-'09 and which are here recorded and humbly presented by a member of the Junior class.

EPTEMBER 8. Summer, beauteous summer, was over and gone. Vacation was a thing of the past, and as the melancholy days were coming swiftly on the wing, we were due to get back to school once more, to return to those beloved halls of learning, to pursue the several muses throughout another year. Our coming was in itself an event. The erstwhile juniors came, laboring under the delusion that they were nobly upholding the dignity of the senior class. The juniors-to-be came and regarded their elders with sarcastic smiles. The sophomores came, forgetting for a while the fact that they were no longer freshmen, and last came the freshmen themselves, mild and meek, viewing with an "hadmiration amounting to haw " the bright green color of the walls and the busts of Venus, Athena, and Demosthenes, in the room set aside for their occupation. We regret to record the complete disappearance of this attitude

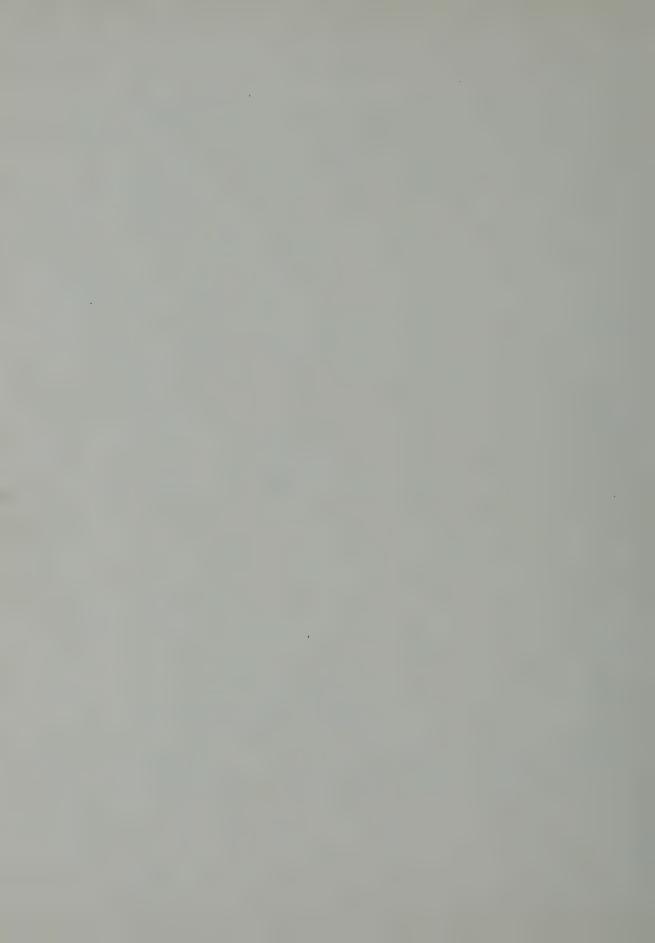
after the first few days, for by that time the walls ceased to have any effect on them and Venus assumed her customary mustache, high collar, and other decorations. And then, too, the seniors began to forget their new derbies and leave them at home, occasionally, and the clock began to run with some degree of regularity. A path appeared across the side lawn and fragments of pie plates and crackerboxes adorned H. Ave. and the Common, all of which showed that we were settled down and ready for trouble.

SEPTEMBER 14. The first brilliant affair of the season was Cap. G.'s reception of the candidates for the football team. The afternoon was agreeably spent in chasing, kicking, falling on, and otherwise abusing the poor innocent football. Light refreshments were served from the water bucket. The costumes were both unique and original. After spending a pleasant afternoon every one was invited to call again.



# CLASS 1909, NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

ALFREDA DAVIDSON CHARLES BURROWS ELLIS TISDALE STANLEY FERRIS GERTRUDE WIECZOREK BESSIE CARTER CHESTER HEATH J. W. BROWNVILLE MARION SUTTON CHARLES MALONEY DONALD WHEELER GEORGE HEWETT GORDON W. HERDMAN WILLIAM MOELLER STIMSON WYETH EDWARD COPPINGER EVA HASENFUS CHARLES CHAMBERS JOSEPHINE FALVEY OWEN WEBB WILLIAM GAUGHAN ROY LITTLEHALE JAMES DEVINE



OCTOBER 30. The juniors gave their first (and, alas! their only) class party. This was their first offense and was consummated only after several class meetings, much talk, and numberless committees. It was almost a Hallowe'en party, that is, it was held "the night before," and the hall was decorated with real pumpkins procured at Dover, with great trouble and expense, by T., a resident of that burg and an illustrious member of the junior class. The entertainment committee, with characteristic zeal had the usual exciting games on hand, principally, "Winkum," at which E. J. was remarkably adept. A contest was held to find the possessor of the most beaming smile. D. B. carried off the honors, but it was noted that his ears had a limp appearance during the rest of the evening. The piano, assisted by Miss C., furnished the music for dancing almost as well as a brass band. Some moonlight effects were tried with the above mentioned lanterns, but Mr. S., fearing that they were becoming too realistic was obliged to stop proceedings. But all things have an end (some have two, a piece of string, for instance) and so as the dread midnight hour approached, circumstances beyond the control of the revellers turned out the lights and sent them home.

DECEMBER 18. The school underwent a Christmas celebration, of which Miss L., assisted by several unfeeling members of the student body, was the perpetrator. It was really a remarkable celebration, a feast of music, literature, and poetry. The budding young talent of the school held forth in a most inspiring manner. Miss R. gave a Bible selection, followed by Miss E. F., with a "pome." B. gave a touching portion from Ben Hur. Miss G. F. also gave

a creditable performance in the speaking line, and it was said that she might be a star some day, if she would only grow some. The H. S. Orchestra, during the intervals, rendered appropriately doleful music, and a girls' chorus indulged in some old Christmas carols. No one was seriously injured.

DECEMBER 18. Same day. The "Faculty" gave a reception to the football team — the real team, the near team, and various fair damsels of their acquaintance. Miss W. had erected artistic goal posts at each door of the hall for decoration, but as she neglected to label them, the effect was somewhat lost. A game that was actually new, a sort of elaborated "drop the handkerchief," was introduced and gave rise to much hilarity. During the serving of refreshments there arose strife between O. W. and Jerry B. as to who could consume the most ice cream. As W. ate only a quart, not counting the few first dishes, while Jerry ate a quart and a half, the latter was decided to be the winner. He was urged to keep it up and make it two quarts, but declined, with thanks. The team proper had a Christmas tree all to themselves, and each player received a miniature football as souvenir. Dancing brought up the rear as usual.

December 28. "Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill?" Oh! those are the girls admiring the new football sweaters. In our humble estimation those sweaters are all right. Kindly note the dazzling whiteness and contrasting blue, the ample length, those pockets, real pockets that you can put your hands into, and the ennobling N, and then say whether you can improve them.

JANUARY 4. But alas! can those be these? Is it possible that these dingy,

dusty garments of grayish hue can bear even a remote relationship to those immaculate sweaters that blinded our eyes but a week hence,—these, bedimmed with grime, with dragging pockets and proud N hanging by one ear? Say not so. It is too, too much. We cannot believe it. Never.

JANUARY 8. Now came the most notable event of the year, the senior party. It seems to have been a very select party, owing to the fact that most of the young gentlemen were too bashful to invite anybody, and the scarcity of young ladies in the class itself forestalled help from that quarter, or, to be accurate, from that However, they waylaid the "Faculty," and dragged them in. The result, on the whole, was a huge success. The punch, assembled by Messrs. H. and T., was one of the features of the occasion. Webb distinguished himself as master of ceremonies. With his peculiar talent for managing things for people, he attempted to introduce a kind of revised version of ping pong, but was unable to make any one comprehend the idea, so he started up the band, otherwise Miss C. and the piano, and kindly permitted the assembled mob to dance till closing up time.

January 13. The teachers from the Wayland H. S. came down to visit our school and learn the customs and habits of the Needham breed. Experienced people could have told them that this was a difficult undertaking for merely one day. However, they said that they enjoyed their visit immensely, and we are sure that we did. Next to having our teachers go visiting, we like some one to come and visit us.

FEBRUARY 12. Lincoln's birthday furnished excuse for another celebration. Again the speakers and musicians held sway. Stanwood's wonderful ability as a talker was well shown by his masterly delivery of the Gettysburg Address. Miss C. gave a string of anecdotes and H. a brief survey of Abraham's character, but all this paled before the wonderful chorus of eight female voices and six male voices, which sang with great success. The S. M. V. were stationed at the back of the room and the E. F. V. at the front. The E. F. V. would sing half a verse of a song and then forget it, while the S. M. V. voices would have to finish it for them. The effect of this cross fire on the listeners was somewhat startling. The orchestra was again called into play and covered itself with glory, as usual. H. distinguished himself by the impromptu speech with which he closed the celebration.

February 19, 25, 26. On these successive nights the sophomores, freshmen, and juniors, respectively, had sleighrides. Most of the "Faculty" accompanied each of these and must have lost considerable sleep thereby, not being used to such nightly dissipation. The sophomores had a snowball fight to enliven their expedition, but the juniors were deprived of this enjoyment, yet did not seem to miss it. Ask St. Just what the freshmen did is a deep mystery,—a mystery which will never be known, for they probably do not know themselves by this time.

These, in short, were the main happenings of the year. Naturally, there were other smaller events, such as the periodic appearance of teddy-bear hair cuts and derbies in the senior class and long trousers

in the freshman class, the football team's having their picture taken, Professor M.'s getting a wireless message, and the janitor's mowing the lawn. But these, as we said

before, were minor events, of which we will charitably withhold the harrowing details.

L. B., '10

# NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

HISTORY OF SCHOOL BUILDINGS

HE first allusion to a high school in the Needham Town Records, is in the year 1863, when the advisability of establishing such a means for the advancement of learning was considered. Before this action by the town, the scholars attended the grammar school as long as they chose, or until the books prescribed were completed and sometimes reviewed. The following year an appropriation was made. The town of Needham had not been divided at this time, so that two high schools were opened in May, 1865, to accommodate the two villages, one in Needham, the other in West Needham or Grantville. The town was divided in April, 1881. The High School in Needham was first held in the upper room of the Center school house, then situated at the corner of Nehoiden Street and Central Avenue. The building was destroyed by fire in 1878.

At the beginning of the winter term, in 1865, the school was moved to the Village Hall, afterwards enlarged and named Parker Hall. Parker Hall was located on the corner of Great Plain Avenue and Eaton Square. The corner of the building was about on the site of Mathey's jewelry

store. This building was burned in the year 1882.

The High School certainly had a very variable existence, for in the year 1867 the school was moved and united with the Oakland Institute on the place known as the "Pines," under the principalship of Mr. J. B. Clarke. The site of this building was near Mr. John Moseley's residence. After two terms the school was moved back to the Village Hall under the tuition of Mr. W. E. Skillings, who had the honor of being principal when our first alumna graduated in 1868. Miss Caroline E. Gay, now Mrs. John F. Mills, who might be called the "dean" of the alumni, was the first to be graduated.

The school again needed a change of scene, so in 1870 it was moved to Keith's Building, afterwards occupied by Fowler's store. This building stood on the site of the present Kingsbury Block. Again in 1871 another change of air was recommended, for the school then took up quarters in the new school building now known as the Kimball School, located on Chestnut Street. In 1885 this building was sawed in two, moved apart, and enlarged. Finally, in 1898, the school settled in its present quarters, the new High School building. Who can tell what

the next forty years will bring forth for Needham?

# THEN AND NOW

At the last alumni reunion a member of the class of '86, in answering to the toast "The Past," gave a few figures as to the deaths and marriages. The corrected list below will show as far as we know the facts in both cases. The passing of members to the "Great Beyond" we lament, but of the second comparison we only ask, "Is it the higher education that causes so few to venture into the fields of conjugal bliss?"

From the days when there were but few pupils, the school has increased in forty years to about one hundred and fifty pupils, with larger graduating classes every year. Then one teacher taught every branch, now assistants teach the classes and the pupils file from room to room instead of all being confined in one room. There was no laboratory then, now see what provision is made for the study of the sciences. There was no art study then, but now examine the work of the class in design and drawing; no class in bookkeeping and typewriting, but now regular instruction is given. Then as now the languages were studied as a requisite to entrance to college, and to fulfil the state law for the establishment of a high school.

Glance over the forty years and note the advancement we have made in inventions and public conveniences and utilities: the telephone, the X-ray, the wireless telegraph, the electric railway, the use of electricity for power and light, the typewriter, the automobile, and so on, for truly we are in an age of change and discovery.

What will the next forty years bring forth?

Examine the alumni list and observe the occupations the graduates have chosen for their life work — many of the professions, trades, and, best of all, the position of the home-maker. Who can tell what the next forty years will bring forth?

# NOTES

Wanted: old copies of the Advocate for the years 1897-1899, 1900, 1901, to complete the files in the Public Library and in the High School Library.

A suggestion: That the files when completed be bound.

A suggestion: Why not have an alumni visiting day for the High School, in which the alumni officers and the School Committee visit and confer as to the work and needs of the school?

Commendation: The printed list of graduates with their present occupations and addresses as far as known is the result of the patient labor of the principal and members of the High School, assisted by members of the alumni.

Query: If there are errors or omissions in the list as published, will those who have such knowledge inform us?

H. J. K., '86

# NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

President, Harley A. Crisp Vice-president, Mrs. Rubelle Mills Whetton Secretary, Miss Frances Littlehale Treasurer, John L. Twigg

The Alumni Association was formed in June, 1880, for the purpose of keeping alive the interest in the school in which so many hours of work and vouthful enjoyment had been spent, and to keep together the members of the different classes in the years to come. Not all the alumni belong at present to the Association. It is with pleasure each year that those who gather at the reunion recall the happy school days and are called by their given names instead of Mr., Mrs., and Miss.

# PRINCIPALS OF NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

S. R. Rawson					1865
Albion Cate					1867
REV. J. B. CLARKE			٠,		1867
W. E. Skillings .					1868
S. G. STONE		٠.			1869
Jefferson Clarke					1869
W. H. Putnam					1870
					1871
H. B. Lawrence .					1872
					1874
Miss F. A. Caldwell					1876
R. E. Denfeld .					1880
E. H. Atherton .					1882
H. C. CHILDS					1885
Frederick L. Smith					1889
CLARENCE L. JUDKINS					1892
W. Hollis Godfrey					1896
D. Howard Fletcher	2				1900
H. W. Loker					1902
CLARENCE E. SIBLEY					1907

# GRADUATES OF NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

1868

Caroline E. Gay, Mrs. John F. Mills, Needham, Mass.

1871

Annie Moseley,\* Emma L. Hatch,

Mrs. E. A. Horton

1875

Fred L. Dewing\*

# 1876

Alice E. Mayo, Mrs. C. A. Hicks, Needham, Mass. Isabel B. Mann, Mrs. A. M. Miller, Needham, Mass. Isabelle A. Kingsbury,

Teacher, Avery School, Needham, Mass. Laura La Croix, Mrs. F. H. Tucker, Needham, Mass. Carrie I. Hodge, Mrs. D. P. Moran, Franklin, Mass. Frank A. Eaton\*

# 1878

Francis M. Kingsbury,

Principal Dwight School, Needham, Mass.

Roberta J. Hardie,

Teacher Boston Public Schools, Needham, Mass.

Marie J. McKenzie

Ida S. Freeman, Mrs. Ida S. Davis, Needham, Mass. Adella M. Jones, Mrs. F. M. Kingsbury Emily G. Moore

# 1880

## Palma non sine pulvere

Charles T. Eaton, Supt. of Schools, Stonington, Conn. Manton Maverick, Lawyer, Chicago, Ill. Adeline A. Beless,

Mrs. Herbert Mossman, Stoughton, Mass.

Jennie D. Mansfield,

Prof. Mod. Lang., Waterman Hall, Sycamore, Ill.

Warren S. Eaton\* Howard Chapman\*

Julia F. Ford, Mrs. J. M. Folan, Norwood, Mass.

#### 1881

Davis G. McIntosh\* Lewis E. Morgan,

Physician, Brookline, Mass. Eliot F. Upham, U. S. Mail Clerk, Lynn, Mass. John M. Smith\*

Emma L. Sutton,

Bookkeeper, Thomas Sutton, Needham, Mass.

Lennie W. Bartlett,

Teacher Somerville Pub. School, Somerville, Mass. At home, Needham, Mass. Cora J. Livingstone, Addie E. Wight,

Mrs. George H. Thompson, Dover, Mass.

Florence A. Williams

#### 1882

Arthur Hanks, Machinist, Boston, Needham, Mass.

# 1883

# Nulla dies sine linea

Contractor, Great Falls, Montana James T. Boyd, Caleb Francis Craft\* John C. Crowley\* Rev. James F. Stanton,

Pastor of Catholic Church, Stoughton, Mass. Mary E. Whiting

# 1884

## Sapientia duce

Ida G. Buckley, Mrs. Michael Low, Wakefield, Mass. Julia A. Collins\*

Charles H. Crowley,

Pilgrim Rubber Co., Boston, Needham, Mass. Florence E. Eaton,

Teacher, Kimball School, Needham, Mass. Jessie M. Freeman,

Stenographer, Boston, Needham, Mass.

Mary E. Glancey,

Principal Harris School, Needham, Mass.

Mary F. J. Livingstone

Teacher, Pub. Schools, New Bedford, Mass. Mary H. Wilson, Mrs. G. H. Ingham, California

# 1885

## Palmam qui meruit ferat

Charles M. Eaton,

Principal High School, Weston, Mass.

Willia M. Leach,

Mrs. F. H. Williams, Newton Center Frank E. Stedman, Jr., Dentist, Boston, Mass.

## T886

#### Non scholæ sed vitæ

Alice M. McIntosh, At home, Needham, Mass. Mrs. Abbott, Needham, Mass. Susan T. Bovd, Edith F. Eaton, Mrs. A. J. Lyman, Needham, Mass. Mary A. Stanton,

Mrs. John Dwyer, Cambridge, Mass. Anson W. Morgan, At home, Needham, Mass. Mabelle A. Bond, Mrs. Warren Summers, Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass.

Gertrude M. Burkett,

Mrs. C. W. Woodbury, Needham, Mass.

Mary A. McKeon, Nurse, Paris St., Medford, Mass. Florence E. Hathaway,

Mrs. S. O. Fowle, Needham, Mass. John L. Twigg, Tax Collector, Needham, Mass. Herbert J. Kellaway

Landscape Architect, Boston, Newton Center, Mass. Author "How to Lay out Suburban Home Grounds." Elizabeth A. Lester,

Teacher, Avery School, Needham Heights

# 1887

Alice C. Coombs,

Woman's Industrial Exchange, Wellesley, Needham, Mass. Josephine L. Remmele, Mrs. L. O. Cook\*

# 1888

Juliana W. Bullard, Editor and Author, Radford, Va. Maude Mercer,

Mrs. H. J. Whittemore, Keene, N. H. Sarah J. Probert

# 1889

Everett Lawrence Eaton\*

Wilbur W. Dewing

Farm Superintendent, Kingston, Mass. Elocutionist, Needham Heights Pauline A. Russell, Carrie M. Blackman, Mrs. W. Tilton\* Alice E. Crowley,

> Stenographer and Bookkeeper, Boston. Needham, Mass.

Percy Allen

# 1890

# Palma non sine pulvere

Helen L. Fuller, Mrs. E. M. Stevens, Lynn, Mass. Nellie C. Burkett,

Bookkeeper, Adams Bros., Needham, Mass. Hannah P. Coughlan, Convent, Montreal Lillian M. Wilson, Mrs. Richard Bond, Dover, Mass. Timothy J. Collins\* Anna C. Kingsbury,

Stenographer and Genealogist, Boston, Mass. Mary E. Nourse, Mrs. Frank Wilson, Medford, Mass. Florence E. Locke,

Teacher, Pope School, Somerville, Mass.

Henry Harris Eaton, Dairy Business, Needham, Mass. Frederick W. Lester,

Dry Goods Business, Watertown, Mass.

# 1801

# Comme le travail, ainsi la recompense

Rev. Albert H. Spence,

Pastor Unitarian Church, Medfield, Mass. Charles O. McIntosh,

Scrap Iron Business, Needham, Mass.

Esther C. Thorpe,

Mrs. Walter I. Larkin, Needham Heights

Lizzie M. Graves,

With Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights Aimee A. Jones, Mrs. Wm. Levis, Allston, Mass. Michael J. Gilfoil\* Ernest E. Riley, Florist, Needham, Mass.

# 1802

# "In union there is strength"

Charles Henry Allen,

Shipper Cadillac Mach. Co., Detroit, Mich. Mabel Dexter Fowler,

Mrs. Antoine Bruns, Roslindale, Mass.

Helen Ward Leach,

Mrs. Edward F. Stevens, Wellesley Hills Susie Gay McIntosh,

Mrs. Frank Whitney, Needham, Mass.

Frank Otis Woodruff,

U. S. Gov't Appraiser, New York City

Allston Rice Bowers.

Treas. George E. Wye Co., Needham Heights Lewis Ernest Hart, Mason, Needham, Mass. Emma Eliza Lester,

Mrs. Eben Smith, Needham Heights Ida Rubelle Mills,

Mrs. J. Harry Whetton, Needham Heights

# 1803

#### Success crowns effort

Bertha May Blackwood,

Office Assistant, Boston, Mass.

Mary Ella Blaisdell Olive Rebecca Colburn, Mrs. Percy Allen\*

Michael Joseph Collins\*

Mabel Eliza Gates,

Mrs. A. R. Keesling, Logansport, Indiana Minnie Mary Gorse, At home, Needham Heights Margaret Clyde Livingston\*

Herbert Butler Mackintosh, Lawyer, Needham, Mass. Mabel Frances McIntosh,

Mrs. Herbert Mitchell, Needham, Mass.

Hermia Alice Riley,

Teacher, Kimball School, Needham, Mass. William Henry Stanton, Druggist, Cambridge Mary Anna Tisdale,

Teacher Pub. School, Newton, Needham, Mass. Jessie Marie Wignall, Mrs. Kelley, So. Walpole, Mass.

# 1804

# Ne tentes, aut perfice

Emma Amada Allen,

Stenographer and Bookkeeper, Needham, Mass. Eva Chamberlain,

Mrs. Ernest Schlucemeyer, Westwood, Mass.

Alice Honora Eberhardt,

Principal Eliot School, Needham, Mass.

Eliza Frances Fox, Mrs. Percival Wragg, Needham Heights At home, Needham, Mass. Nellie Maria Gilfoil. Walter Norman Hart,

Traveling Salesman, Needham, Mass.

Frederic Alexander Jones,

Civil Engineer, New York City

Lottie May Morgan,

Mrs. Chas. Measure, Chicago, Ill.

Emma Nelson Pond,

Mrs. H. W. Loker, Swampscott, Mass.

Louise Katherine Smith,

Mrs. Fred H. Hobbs, Charles River, Mass.

# 1895

# Scalas construimus quibus scandamus

Lucy Avery Carter, Mrs. I. A. Lee, Hyde Park, Mass. Florence Theresa Hutchinson,

Mrs. Wm. P. Matthes, Charles River

Frederick Mortimere de Lesdernier,

With Health Food Co., Boston, Needham, Mass. Edith Mabel Lord,

Mrs. Packard, Washington, D. C.

Charlotte Helen Love!l

Linnie Maria Newell,

Bookkeeper, Boston, Brookline Joseph Stanton, Physician, Newton, Mass. Carrie Louise Whipple,

Mrs. Oscar A. Adams, Melrose Highlands, Mass.

Clarissa May Sutton,

Mrs. Frederick Lester, Watertown, Mass. Austina May Whitemore, Mrs. M. L. Miller\*

# 1896

#### Workers win

Josephine Elizabeth Blackman,

Stenographer, Boston, Mass.

John Francis Gilfoil,

Bookkeeper, Boston, Needham, Mass.

Ella Maud Horrocks,

Mrs. George Noyes, Needham Heights Charles Bartlett Moseley,

With father, in knitting business, Needham Heights, Needham, Mass.

Winthrop Morton Southworth,

With Southgate Press, Wollaston, Mass. Irving Southworth, Mill Supt., Alabama City, Ala. Agnes Mary Smith,

Cashier, Gilchrist store, Boston, Dorchester, Mass.

. Alice Mansfield Twigg,

Teacher, Boston Public Schools, Medford, Mass. Marion Rachel Stevens,

Teacher Public Schools, Roxbury Crossing,

Needham, Mass.

Edith May Willgoose,

Mrs. E. Thorpe, Needham, Mass.

# 1897

# Excelsion

Bertha Elliot Coburn, Bookkeeper, Needham Heights Mabel Hawes Ellis, Teacher, Harding, Mass. Elizabeth Anne Fitzgerald, at home, Needham, Mass. Bessie de Lesdernier, Musician, Needham, Mass. Alida Ella Riley,

Bookkeeper, Boston, Needham, Mass.

Roy Channing Southworth.

With Wm. Filene & Sons, Boston, Mass. Lewis Cole Tuttle, Piano Business, Oakland, Cal.

# 1898

#### Labor conquers all things

Isabel Patten Boyd, at home, Needham, Mass.

Florence Ernestine Crossman,

Mrs. Irvin E. Ross, Needham, Mass.

Adah Gay Fuller,

Stenographer, Boston, Needham, Mass.

Amy Louise de Lesdernier,

Stenographer, Boston, Needham, Mass. Annie Mitchell, Mrs. James Quinn, Needham, Mass. Walter Purton Ross Pember,

Architect, Bristol, Va. Tenn.

Ethel Mitchell Willett,

Student Domestic Science, Columbia University,
New York City

Special Student: Mary Louise Blackman,

Needham, Mass.

# 1899

# Success depends on self

Lulu Maud Bailey,

Mrs. H. Mitchell, Needham, Mass.

Fred Louis Carter, Ir.,

With Carter, Carter, Meigs Co., Boston, Cambridge

Roscoe Arnold Carter,

With Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights

Catherine Wellman Clark,

Teacher, Pub. Schools, Hyde Park, Mass.

Hannah Richards Colburn

Mrs. Howard Smith', Needham, Mass. Thomas Joseph Falvey, Salesman, Needham, Mass. Helen Corinne Peabody,

Mrs. George M. Pond, Needham, Mass.

Clarence Amos Rathbone,

State Nat. Bank, Boston, Auburndale, Mass. Walter Hatch Thacher, Lawyer, New York City Edith Florence Tuck,

Mrs. Carlton McIntosh, Needham, Mass.

Ella Tuttle,

Teacher, High School, Athol, Mass. Elsie Frances Wait, Stenographer, Needham, Mass. Maud Evangeline Wellington,

At Home, Needham, Mass. Merchant, New York City

Special Student, Gertrude Lillian Whall,

Percy Edwin Wye,

Mrs. Walter K. Queen, Needham Heights

#### 1900

#### We learn, that we may serve

Laura Isabel Blackman,

Mrs. Wm. S. Cassidy, Needham, Mass.

Pauline Francziska Dorothea Berthold,

Teacher, So. Acton, So. Acton, Mass.

Josephine Hammond Fernald,

Stenographer, Auburndale, Mass.

Laura Annette Harmon\*

Lydia Adaline Higgins, Music Teacher, Dover, Mass.

Alpha Freeman Leonard,

Prin. High School, Harvard, Mass.

Helen Mary Stevens,

Teacher, High School, Nashua, N. H.

Gladys Emma Wait,

Stenographer, Boston, Needham, Mass.

Arthur Hollingworth Whetton,

Grocer with J. J. Whetton, Needham Heights Laura Grace Willgoose,

Teacher, Melrose, Melrose, Mass.

## IQOI

# Maiorum initia rerum

Harry Clinton Beless,

Salesman, J. F. Brooks Co., Needham Heights

Harley Elmer Crisp,

Business, Oliver Crisp Co., Needham Heights Carrie Ida Belle Alden,\* Mrs. O'Leary Elizabeth Pearl Bailey,

Chronicle Office, Needham, Mass.

Mabel Florence Baker,

With Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights

Helen deMaurice Dunn,

Teacher High School, Meriden, Conn.

Mary Catherine Falvey,

Stenographer, Wm. Carter Co., Needham, Mass.

Grace Alma Kennedy,

Mrs. Harold Waining, Needham Heights Ottolie Marie Low, At home, Needham Heights Una Blanche Southworth,

Mrs. O. L. Hoye, So. Framingham, Mass.

Harold William Low,

Mason and Builder, Allston, Mass.

Henry Shipley Rodgers,

Bookkeeper, Falls Rivet & Mach. Co., Boston, Needham, Mass.

Isabelle Stone, Student, Athens, Greece

Annie Eveleth Thacher,

Mrs. Morley, Worcester, Mass.

Winnifred Rosamond Thorpe,

Bookkeeper, J. Thorpe, Needham, Mass. Helen Reade Thompson\*

Janette Ida Toone,

Mrs. John Taylor, Needham Heights

Josephine Buckingham Willett,

Teacher, Kimball School, Needham, Mass. At home, Needham, Mass. Lillian Florence Wye,

#### 1902

#### Quisque suæ fortunæ faber

Frank Chadwell Peabody, Needham, Mass. Frank Melvin Rathbone,

Assistant Rector, Taunton, Mass.

Henry Laurence Shine,

Employed U. S. Gov't, Washington, D. C. Oscar Henry Starkweather,

Civil Engineer, Louisville, Kv.

Henry Freeman Walradt,

Student, Yale P. G., New Haven, Conn. Bank Clerk, Boston, Mass. William Willett, Katherine Buckley,

Stenographer, Revere, Mass., Needham, Mass.

Katherine Gertrude Coppinger,

Teacher, West Lebanon, N. H.

Sarah Elizabeth Coppinger,

Student, Tufts Medical Coll., Needham Heights

Amy Gertrude Hewett,

Mrs. Walter P. Pember, Bristol, Va., Tenn.

Margaret Lucretia Mitchell (Special),

Mrs. O. H. Starkweather, Louisville, Ky. Gertrude Seattea Stiles, Stenographer, Melrose Hlds.

# 1903

#### The end crowns the work

Frederick William Donahue,

Bookkeeper, Boston, Needham, Mass.

Daniel Harvey Reamy,

Student Worcester Polytechnic Institute,

Worcester, Mass.

Philip Bangs Walker,

Engineer Boston Transit Com., Needham, Mass. Beulah Atkins, at home, South St., Needham, Mass. Florence Louise Flewelling,

Teacher, Public Schools, Caribou, Me.

Laura Alice Hart,

Teacher, Dover Public Schools, Needham, Mass. Mary Grace Moseley, At home, Needham, Mass. Certificate to Wm. J. Gilfoil,

Drug Clerk, Maloney & White, Needham, Mass.

#### 1004

#### No victory without labor

John Breagy, Parker House, Boston, Mass. Maurice L. Bullard,

Student Mass. Inst. Tech., Boston, Mass.

Physician Percy L. Dodge,

Peter D. G. Hamilton,

Student, Lawrence Scientific School, Cambridge, Mass. George W. Slaney,

William A. Train,

With Rutland R.R. Station Agt., Rouse's Point,

N.Y,

Mary E. Brion,

Mrs. Geo. A. Schwendeman, Roxbury, Mass. Ellen J. Butler, At home, Winthrop, Mass. Anne H. Crossman, At home, Needham, Mass. Alice Foster, Teacher J. Inez L. Fox, Private Secretary, Boston, Mass. Ethel M. Jameson

Grace M. Maloney,
Stenographer, J. F. Brooks Co., Needham Heights
Kathleen M. Mackenzie,
Elizabeth C. McNamara,
Certificates given to

S. Ray Cook, Worcester, Mass. Margaret K. Alexander,

Student, Music, Needham, Mass.

# 1905

# We finish but to begin

William C. Humberstone,

With H. P. Hood & Sons, Boston, Mass.
R. Eugene Ramsdell
John S. Webb,
Draughtsman, Boston, Mass.

Frank W. Zirngiebel,

Student, Harvard College, Needham, Mass.

Nina E. Aker,

Clerk, Sullivan's Drug Store, Needham, Mass.
Lillian A. Beckman,
Ida G. Carpenter,
Evelyn D. Higgins,

At home, Needham, Mass.

Student, Boston University, Dover, Mass.

Ethel P. Grant,

With Hodgson's Portable House Co., Needham, Mass.

Mary Bell McDowell,

Mrs. Merton K. Cole, So. Framingham, Mass. Alice T. Taylor,

Student Boston Normal Art, Needham Heights Georgia E. Thompson,

Student Boston University, Dover, Mass.

Certificates given to

Hattie R. Stevens, Helen M. Murphy

With Wm. Carter Co., Needham, Mass.

#### 1006

## Through trials and triumphs

Estelle M. Baker,

Stenographer, Moseley & Co., Needham Heights Una H. Bean, At home, Dover, Mass. Bertha Burrman,
Amy Gallagher,
Marion C. Hasenfus,
Esther C. Johnson,
At home, Charles River, Mass.
At home, Dover, Mass.
At home, Needham, Mass.

Student, Wellesley Coll., Needham, Mass.

Mary E. Mackenzie,

Teacher Dwight School, Needham, Mass.

Ella R. McDowell,

Librarian Pub. Library, Needham, Mass. Ellen V. Payne, Teacher of Violin, Needham Heights Gladys E. Pond, At home, Needham, Mass. Iulia W. Ramsdell

Mary L. Whiting, Hillsboro, N. H., Dover, Mass

Ralph G. Adams,

Student, Mass. Inst. Tech., Needham, Mass.

Arthur W. Atkinson John D. Burrage,

Student Cornell University, Newton, Mass.

Walter A. Flewelling,

Student, Boston Normal Art, Needham, Mass.

Arthur S. Hamilton,

Student, Tufts Dental Coll., Needham, Mass. Benjamin F. Leighton, Hotel Clerk, Boston, Mass. Francis J. Stanwood,

Bookkeeper, Rider Ericson Co., Needham, Mass.

Willard R. Toone

# 1907

# Nothing in life without labor

Ida G. Buckley,

Nurse, Children's Hospital, Boston, Mass. F. May Cobb, With Wm. Wye Co., Needham, Mass. Pauline Coppinger,

Public Library, Needham, Needham Heights

Bertha Kennedy,

With Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights Frances L. Littlehale, At home, Needham Heights Viola M. Merryfield,

Bridgewater Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.
Laura M. Paine,
Charlotte C. Talbot,
Miriam J. Taylor,

At home, Dover, Mass.
At home, Dover, Mass.

Student Boston University, Needham Heights

Grace W. Thompson,

Student Boston University, Dover, Mass.
Marion E. Tilton, At home, Needham, Mass.
Eva O. I. Tyrer,

With Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights

Anna M. Wagner,

Stenographer, Boston, Mass., Needham, Mass. Frederick H. E. Adams,

Student in Electrical Work, Boston, Needham, Mass.

Oscar H. Berthold,

Student, Tufts College, Somerville, Mass. Marshall Blackman, In Business, Cambridge, Mass.

William B. Burbank

Lewis J. Catheron,

Student University of Maine, Orono, Me.

George L. Eastwood,

Paul J. Franklin,

Student, Mass. Inst. Tech., Needham, Mass.

Arthur W. Littlehale,

With Wm. Gorse Co., Needham Heights

James I. Maloney,

Student Notre Dame Coll., Notre Dame, Ind.

Alfred Priestley,

Student Lehigh University, So. Bethlehem, Pa.

Edward H. Sawver

Oscar R. Seidenberg

Allan T. Wheeler,

Student, Dartmouth Coll., Hanover, N. H.

Bertrand C. Wheeler,

Student, Dartmouth Coll., Hanover, N. H.

#### 1008

#### Honor not honors

John N. Brion, With J. N. Brion, Needham, Mass.

Wesley I. Brown,

With Parker, Holmes Co., Boston, Needham, Mass.

Eleanor Burnham,

Student, Simmons College, Needham, Mass.

Adelaide H. Carpenter,

Student, Cutter's Shorthand Sch., Needham, Mass.

Elmer C. Carter\*

Lucy E. Cartwright,

With Roper Bros., Needham, Mass. James J. Collins, At home, Needham Upper Falls Jessie E. Coult, With Roper Bros., Needham Heights Alice L. Dyson,

With Wm. Carter Co., Needham Heights

Susan M. Fallon,

With Wm. H. Wye Co., Needham, Mass.

John F. Gaughan,

Clerk, T. J. Crossman, Needham, Mass.

Vida Gegenheimer,

Student, Simmons College, Needham, Mass. David S. Hamilton, Spokane, Wash.

Evelyn P. Locke,

Student Comer's Business College, Needham, Mass.

Catherine Mackenzie,

Student, Framingham Normal, Needham, Mass.

Matthew E. Maloney,

Bookkeeper, U. S. Arsenal, Watertown, Needham Upper Falls

Minnie B. McIntosh,

Bookkeeper, C. W. Woodbury,

Needham, Mass.

Ernest E. Parker

Frank E. Parker,

Student Boston Normal Art School, Needham,

Mass.

Alma S. Suren,

Student, Dana Hall School, Needham, Mass. Kenneth E. Webb, Jeweler, Boston, Needham Hts. Roscoe L. West.

Student, Farmington Normal, Farmington, Me.

\*Deceased





### **FOOTBALL**

ONSIDERING the fact that most of the material we had to draw from was new, for only five of the old players remained with us, we feel justly proud of the work done by the eleven representing our school last season. Within a short time after the opening of school, candidates were called for football. About twenty-one men responded, most of whom were given an opportunity to play in one or more of the games during the season. These men were as follows: Left ends, Crossman, Maloney, and Chambers; left tackle, Sadler; left guard, Woodard; centers, Stanwood and Williams; right guards, Dunn and Burnham; right tackles, Heath and Munroe; right end, Leonard; quarterbacks, Brownville, Hamilton, and Starkweather; left halfbacks, Wheeler and Mills; right halfback, Gaughan; full backs, O. Webb and Heath.

We were somewhat handicapped by the fact that we were without a coach until after the first game, and so it is not to be wondered that we went down to defeat in our game against Dorchester. Captain Gaughan is deserving of great credit in being able to bring the team into such a condition as to make as creditable a showing as it did in this game. Had it not been for the fact that Dorchester outweighed us, twenty pounds to a man, we venture to say the result might have been otherwise.

However, our first game, as we have already said, played against Dorchester, September 26, on the Dunbar Avenue grounds, resulted in a defeat for Needham. The score was 11—0. In this hard fought game Heath showed up exceptionally well for Needham. It was at this game with Dorchester that we met and engaged Mr. Thomas Cronin, as coach for the remainder of the season. His services were especially valuable in the strengthening of the line.

On September 30 Needham played a



CLINTON WOODARD DONALD WHEELER CHESTER MILLS JOHN LEONARD William Gaughan (Captain) James Crossman Dler Charles Maloney CH OWEN WEBB FRED DUNN PAUL SADLER Ross Stanwood LUCIAN BURNHAM T. A. CRONIN (Coach)



hard and fast game against Newton, at Newton, and held this strong team to a o — o score. Time and time again the Needham line held the Newton backs for downs on their ten yard line. Leonard and Woodard played famous football for Needham.

October 3 we played our first game at home, defeating East Boston 5-o. Gaughan and Wheeler did good work in the back field, while Sadler played well in the line.

On the tenth of the month we journeyed to Wayland and played a game which resulted in a 5-0 score, in favor of Needham. Webb was back in his old place at full back in this game and showed up in his usual strong form. Gaughan and Crossman also played excellently for Needham.

October 17 the strong Natick eleven came to Needham and held us 0-0. This was a very close and exciting game. The features were the strong playing of Mohanes, of Natick, and Stanwood, for Needham.

Our sixth game of the season was played October 24, on Greene's field, against the Dorchester School of Practical Arts. The score was 7–5 in our favor. Mills played a fast game, in that he broke through our opponent's line and blocked two punts. One of these went behind the goal line where Stanwood recovered it for a safety.

Wednesday, October 28, Dedham came to Needham and beat us II-IO. Needham played a rather weak game. The only feature of the game was the long run by Brownville, who caught one of Dedham's punts on the twenty yard line and ran eighty yards through the entire Dedham team for a touchdown.

On the following Saturday, October 31, we were beaten by Hyde Park on their

grounds, by a score of 4–0. The back field was weakened by the absence of Gaughan and Brownville. Heath excelled for Needham.

Saturday, November I, we played the N. H. S. Alumni on Greene's field. This proved to be a fast and interesting game. Our boys were forced to play their hardest and won only by the score of II—IO. Williams kicked a goal from the field from the forty yard line for the Alumni. Another feature was the fast playing of Colburn, who played end for the Alumni.

Our next game, played with Rock Ridge, November 10, on their grounds, was also closely contested for the score was 0–0. The roughness of Rock Ridge was very noticeable in this game. Brownville received a fractured collar bone, but stayed in the game until the finish. Webb bucked the line in fine style for Needham.

On November 14 Needham defeated the Milton team 9–0. Hamilton, who was playing quarterback, broke his arm in this game. Woodard, Sadler, and Burnham played well for Needham.

The next Saturday, November 21, Needham defeated Milford on their home grounds, to the tune of 50–6. The feature of this game was the spectacular playing of Leonard, who kicked a goal from the field, from the forty yard line, and who also made two fifty yard runs for touchdowns.

The game of the season, which always excites the most interest on the part not only of the players and the student body, but of the general public as well, is the annual game with Wellesley. This game was played Thanksgiving Day, November 25, on Greene's field. Needham defeated its old rival by the score of 4–0. Much of the success of this victory is due to the

able assistance rendered in coaching the team for a week before the game, by Mr. Samuel S. Crossman, left end on the Massachusetts "Aggies," and a former captain of a Needham High eleven. The game was closely contested by both teams from start to finish, and proved a well earned victory for the home team. The game was marked by the good feeling existing between the players and also by the "royal rooters," who stood on both sides of the field.

Webster played an exceptionally fierce game on the defensive for Wellesley and stopped our backs time and time again, as they broke through the line. Each and every player of the home team did more than his share to win, and only once in the entire game did Welleslev succeed in getting the ball into Needham's territory. Leonard's fine kick from the field scored the only points made in the game. Webb was at his best and played a fast game up to the middle of the second half, when he was disabled by severely wrenching his knee, but would leave only after being actually dragged from the field. Burnham was substituted for Heath at right tackle, while Heath took Webb's place at full, where he

kept up the good line bucking, carrying the ball to within five yards of Wellesley's goal line, when time was called. Thus ended one of the most successful seasons for the Needham High School. All the members of the team who played in the Wellesley game were rewarded with an N and a sweater.

### The line up was as follows:

Needham	WELLESLEY
Crossman, l.e.	Sullivan, r.e.
Maloney, l.e.	Anderson, r.t.
Sadler, l.t.	Bancroft, r.g.
Woodard, l.g.	Perkins, c.
Stanwood, c.	Diehl, l. g.
Dunn, r.g.	Winton, l.g.
Burnham, r.t.	Gramkow, l.t.
Heath, r.t.	Ogilvin, l.e.
Leonard, r.e.	Farvell, l.e.
Brownville, q.b.	Webster, q.b.
Mills, l.h.b.	Rankin, r.h.b.
Wheeler, l.h.b.	Whitney, l.h.b.
Gaughan, r.h.b.	Jacobs, f.b.
Webb, f.b.	

Score, Needham 4. Goal from the field by Leonard. Umpire, Foster. Referee, Dadman. Field judge, Harrison. Head linesman, Donahue. Time, twenty-five and twenty minute halves.

J. W. B. '09



Heath, f.t

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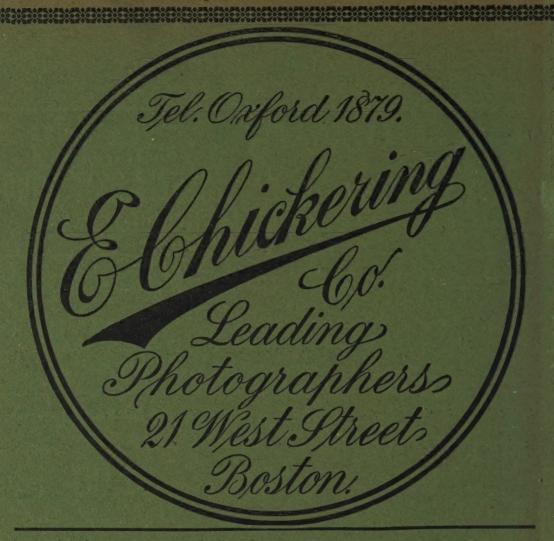
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